

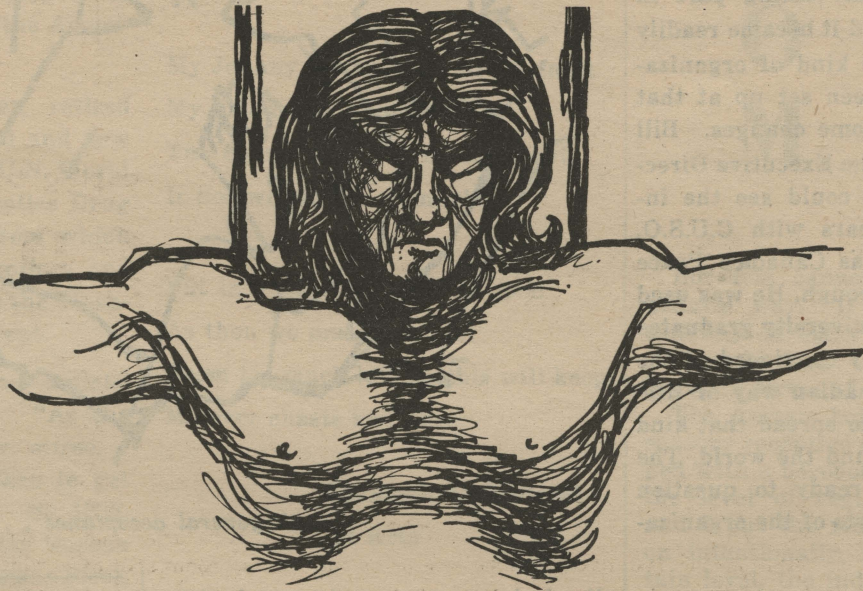
THE MARTLET

MAGAZINE

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A Six Letter Word For Power

A Word Game Called Christ

By D. S. MORRISONE

REligion commenced somewhere. That is an obvious fact.

Perhaps it started with a dream or a vision in the darkness of night, in which the dreamer fancied he saw or heard something which looked like a scene, or sounded like a voice in conversation. That is understandable. The modern mind has no more solid foundation to build up its own little world of belief, than had our very remote ancestors who found that experience in life led us from the ignorance of youth to the wisdom of old age. As man progresses from birth to death he can believe with certainty only what his intelligence tells him as true; but regarding the future he can only believe or conjecture. We do not know, and it is wrong to believe what we are told, until we can test its veracity. That is the correct religious approach.

We are told that there is a God of the Universe. We do not know. The name is not very old, as Aristotle invented the letter called G, about 350 B.C. to replace the guttural CH sound, which the Danai and Dorians, and other halfcaste nations of the Mediterranean Fringe, could not pronounce. The D of God, is from the East, being very prominent among the Buddhists and Hindus, with the Hindu deus or god as a Chief of Power from the Hindu Heaven, while the Buddhist was a human being who believed himself to be, or taught that he was a god on earth. In Europe, as we know it, the God of the English, the Dieu of French, and the Deus of Latin, as well as the Gott of German, was called Chie-reachg. This Chie-reachg is called Ko-reish by the Jews of Mecca, Ku-rus by the Persians of 500 B.C., and appears as Cy-rus the 'Chief of the Race,' who marched south to Babylon, from the North to

defeat the halfbreed Indo-Eurians of that area, some five hundred years before the birth of the modern Chie-reachg, who appears in Biblical History, as CH-Rist.

ZOROASTER LIVED YEARS BEFORE CHRIST

The Persian Kurus, as written nowadays, is a name of two syllables, which have been merged into the one name, Christ. A still older form is Zo-Roast, or Zoroaster, who lived some six thousand years before Jesus, 'The Christ,' of the Bible. There is very little difference between the philosophy of Jesus and that of Zoroaster, but there is a vast difference between the religious interpretations of their missions, if missions they can be called. Both were teachers of a simple Christian philosophy, using the latter word as we know it from the modern church interpretation, and even in the version of his Catholic majesty, James III, of Britain, we find no desire on the part of Jesus to be considered as other than a teacher of the simple rules of Christianity, which bestow no authority upon that teacher. We are told that Peter said to Jesus, "Thou art THE Christ THE Son of THE living God," and perhaps that is a true interpretation of Peter's belief, but Peter at that time, was an ignorant fisherman, who lived under the jurisdiction, such as it was, of Rome, and this jurisdiction was no different from the religious standpoint, to that of Egypt or Persia, all three of whom alternately governed Palestine, and worshipped the same gods in their temples. There is a vast difference in meaning between Peter's assertion, if that assertion is correct, and the same interpretation in slightly different English, as "Thou art A Christ, A Son of A Living God," and here the name Christ approaches the name Christian, as we understand it, or as Jesus probably taught it.

At this point in history we have two persons who, in different spellings, are called Christ. In the Egypt-

tian spelling of the Alexandrian schools, we find 'He-Rod,' the Anglicized version of the Latin or Roman puppet king of Palestine. It was this Herodian family who killed off all the young male children of that area in case one of them might become the 'King of the Jews,' whom the Israelites had long prayed for, as promised by Daniel, the Ancient Prophet. Alexander the Chie-reachg or G-reat of Macedonia being told in Baylon that he answered the prophecy of Daniel, did proceed to divide up his Empire into four parts, as told by the Jews he should do, but later this story was hushed up, as he died in his early thirties, from the excesses of his 'Way of Life,' and his belief obtained from his Ptolemaic mother, that he was of divine descent from the gods. Alexander appointed four Dia-do-chie-reachg or 'Gods of the Chief of the Race or of the Christ' to cover the four corners of the earth, and the Rev. Sayce, M.A. of Cambridge calls them the shorter Dia-do-chie, or 'Gods to the chief.' The Antioch family and the Ptolemies of Egypt, including Cleopatra, the feminine 'Chief of the Race, of the land,' were governors of half of the Empire.

POWER ABOVE CAUSE FOR DISPUTE

Alexander the Great called himself a King, which is a name or title derived from an earlier Divine or Holy Chief. The Chie-reachg of the North Temperate Zone, appears to be as old a title as any, and next comes Cyrus of Persia, which is Cyril in English, from a Romanized source. In point of time Zoroaster takes precedence to Christ, but modern spellings can be applied to old names. The fact to remember is that a power came from Above, called in modern days 'The power of the Holy Spirit or the Holy Ghost,' and that is now

called the power of God and of Christ. This power always existed, and most of the arguments about religion are centred around this theme, and about individuals, called kings or churchman, or Pharaohs, or emperors, who, with their henchmen, claimed to have a monopoly of its control.

The Chie-naomh, or Chie-reachg of European speech, was the 'Abraham' of the Chie-rusci, of 400 B.C. He, like Abraham, understood the dangers involved in mixed marriages of the Indo-Mediterranean type. The student who studies the marriage of Hlothild of Beurgundy to Clovis 'chief of the Salian Franks' can readily understand that this was a 'church' marriage engineered by Remigius, Bishop of Rheims, about 486, A.D. We have similar marriages of Bertha to Ethelbert of Kent, of their daughter Ethelburga to Edwin of Northumbria, with Paulinus as the successful negotiator, in this form of spiritual slavery, and the most famous of all British marriages, the bigamous marriage of Malcolm Canmore of Scotland, husband of Ingeborg, to Margaret 'of Hungary,' now the extolled St. Margaret of the Church, because she aided Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, to bring Scotland under the religious yoke of Rome. Lanfranc was her chief friend and adviser, and he came to Canterbury with the Normans, being an Italian, and former bishop of Bec or Chie-bec, in Brittany, whence came so many of the original Acadians and people of Quebec. The Acadians were followers of the Chie-dia, the 'Chief of God; also known as Chie-an-dia in Ireland to this day, as another form which uses the French EN, to give us the Latin C-an-dia or Candia, which formerly was Chie-reachg, or C-Rete, and C-ana-da, which like all lands of the hemispheres, were first given to God, as spheres of church influence, by the European natives, but subsequently were subjected to Roman

(Continued on page four)

Mr. Morrisone, who lives at Fulford Harbour, is a frequent correspondent of the Martlet Magazine.

New attitudes through
government organization

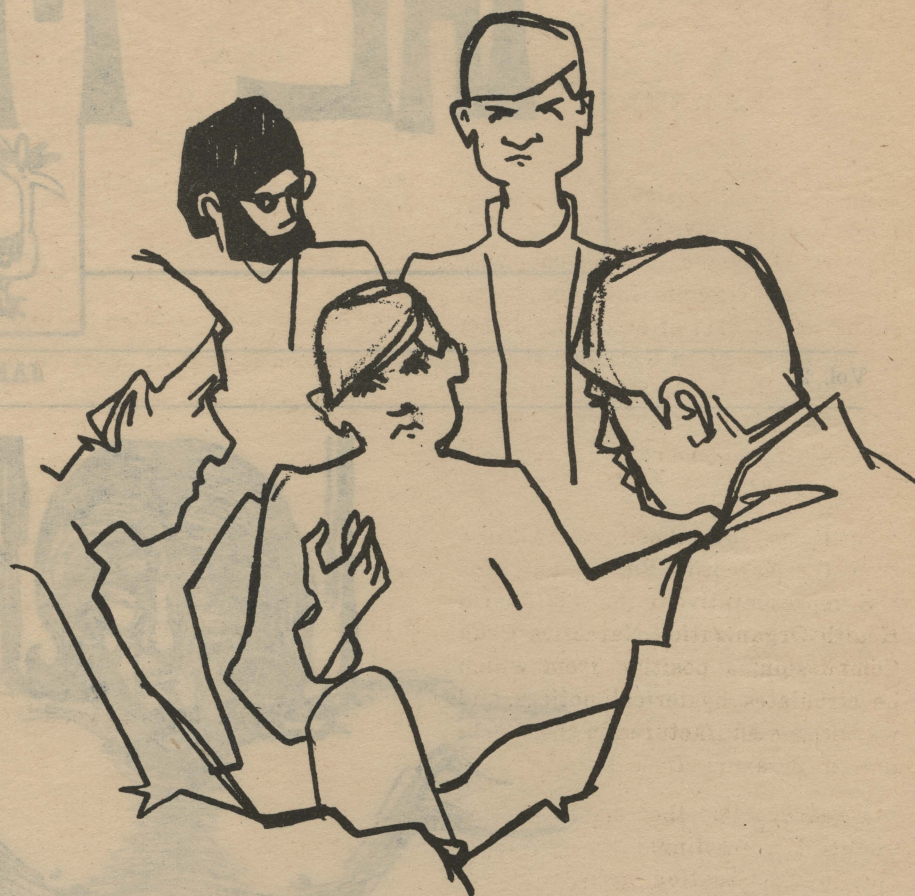
Corps For Reform

By LYNN CURTIS

The Company of Young Canadians will become the largest and most effective agent for social change in Canada. It has the one extra ingredient which has been lacking in other movements and organizations — money. Lots of it. The strange thing about the radical youth community's reaction to the Company is the constant referral to government financing as a drawback. Nobody wants to touch an organization with government backing.

I must admit, I had this same feeling when I first heard about the Company in October, 1965. I passed it off as another Liberal attempt to grab votes. I am not saying that it

one there was experimenting. The trainers, staff, C.Y.C. executive and volunteers were all taking part in something new and it became readily apparent that the kind of organization which had been set up at that time was in for some changes. Bill McWhinney was the Executive Director then and one could see the influence of his years with C.U.S.O. (advertised as Canada's Peace Corps) coming through. He was used to working with university graduates who were basically convinced of the worth of the 'Canadian way of life' and who wanted to spread that kind of knowledge around the world. The volunteers were ready to question some of the concepts of the organiza-



A general acceptance . . .



. . . that there is something wrong.

wasn't a vote getting trick — I am sure it was — but there have been some important changes in the Company since it was first thought of which have moved it away from being a stereotyped government agency.

Last spring, when C.Y.C. had recruiting teams going around to the university campuses, I attended a couple of the meetings and then sent in an application. I was still opposed to the idea but I wanted to get inside and see if there was anything about it which might be useful to the radical community. If it was useless I would, at least, be able to bitch about it from the inside.

TRAINING COURSE SHOWS NEW CHANGES

I went to the first training course at Antigonish, Nova Scotia. The course was exciting because every-

Mr. Curtis, a former Uvic student, is a member of the Company of Young Canadians who recently headed the "Social Education Centre" in Victoria.

tion right from the beginning. Many of them refused to be "trained," rather they spent a great deal of time discussing the need for the Company itself. They were not going to be drawn into anything unless they were convinced of its worth. This constant questioning within the Company led to McWhinney's resignation in September.

In the meantime, Federal legislation was passed in July which specifically stated that two-thirds of the decision making power in the Company was to be controlled by the volunteers themselves. It was this legal concept that made the Company different from any other government agency working in the field of social action.

The initial plan to put 250 volunteers in the field by the end of the year was destroyed by the internal growing struggles of the Company. As first envisioned, the organization would be able to recruit, train and control large numbers of people and send them out to work with those members of the society who were not up to middle class standards as out-

lined by government sociologists, psychologists, urban planners, etc. This move would also keep the partly discontent members of society busy and out of trouble. The recruiting was planned to be quite liberal, however, and a few council, staff and volunteer members were selected to represent the radical position. This broadened the range of ideas in the Company and led to the critical self-examination. With people calling for volunteer control of the Company and a deeper analysis of the Company's role in the society, there was an obvious move to examine more deeply the society itself. The Company had to stop recruiting at this point and deal with the volunteers already in the field, solidify the staff, and examine its motives for existence.

SOCIAL CHANGE INSTEAD OF REFORM

Since September, 1966 there has been a tremendous shift toward the radical position, a shift to the left. There is general acceptance of the concept of social change rather than social reform. A general acceptance that there is something wrong with the total society — that there is no "poverty problem," "Indian problem," "Negro problem"—has become evident. The thinking accepts that many of the things thought to be problems are really only symptoms of a rotting middle class system and that this is what needs changing. There are people within the Company who say that a great deal of effort should be directed at organizing on Canadian campuses — both university and high school, in labour and youth groups and amongst special cultural groups. This is a long way from the C.U.S.O. concept.

MONEY AND IDEAS LEAD TO ACTIVISM

So we see here the beginnings of a real social change movement. The Company has the ideas and the money. Those who have stood out-

(Continued on page three)



Heights of Beauty

Some new form of love is mine,
Strange intercourse, awesome
yet fine;
In which I lose my very soul
Becoming one with Being's whole:
Down dark halls of time and space,
Spiralling back beyond birth's place;
Through labyrinths of death obsessed
By heights of beauty unpossessed.
Promised future Springs I see,
Autumnal seasons yet to be—
Hues of rainbow unseen by man
Far exceeding earth's spectrum
span.
Free of fetters we call day
Soaring to distant point away,
Where past and present loom as one
And creation's dawn is just begun.

—Matthew Noonan

letters

MARIJUANA

Sir:

Re: "The Legislation of Marijuana" in the Nov. 17 edition of *The Martlet Magazine*, the reason why the United Nations includes Marijuana on its lists of addicting drugs is simple. As Allen Ginsberg reports in "The Great Marijuana Hoax," (*The Atlantic*, Nov., 1966), it is because of what he calls "the American fanatic."

Such as Mr. Anslinger, retired from the Narcotics Bureau and now U.S. representative to the U.N. World Health Organization Narcotics Drug Commission, a position from which he circulates hysterical notices and warnings manufactured in the Washington Treasury Department.

Ginsberg, in the same article, quotes Mr. Anslinger . . . "As the Marijuana situation grew worse, I knew action had to be taken to get proper legislation passed. By 1937, under my direction the Bureau launched two important steps: First, a legislative plan to seek from Congress a new law that would place Marijuana and its distribution directly under Federal control; then, on radio and at major forums, such as that presented annually by the New York Herald Tribune, I told the story of this evil weed, I wrote articles for magazines and our agents gave hundreds of lectures to parents, educators and civic leaders. In network broadcasts I reported on the growing list of crimes, including murder and rape."

Such bigoted views as Mr. Anslinger's will continue to darken the public mind and remain so unless such articles as "The Legislation of Marijuana," and "The Great Marijuana Hoax," expose public ignorance and stupidity for what it is.

Alan Sharpe, B.A.

POLLUTION

Sir:

To quote from *The Martlet*, December 1st issue, 1966. (*Rather Write Than Fight?* — by Jim Hoffman, Editor of the *Martlet Magazine*.)

"Our experience has shown us that almost everyone has strong feelings about something."

Although I am not a person of the common mold, I too have a strong feeling about some things. And one of these is bad breath. No really! I am serious. It is a problem more bigger than you'd think.

As you have probably gathered, my poem contains a moral. The deodorant problem has already been solved by Katy Winters; now how about having something for bad breath? Like a bad breath counselor maybe? I feel that the *Martlet Magazine*, being an action magazine, should do something immediately about this terrible situation. Remember the motto:

"Help prevent air pollution."

Your help would be appreciated.
Thank you.

POLLUTED LOVE

I have a rendezvous with John,
I wish it was with Death.
Nothing's really wrong with John
Except he has bad breath.

Each time we kiss then I can tell
What he has had for dinner,
The problem is that he must choose
To leave me or grow thinner.

My Johnny, he knows well his fault
My love is not a dumb ick;
The trouble lies not in his heart
It lies within his stom-ick.

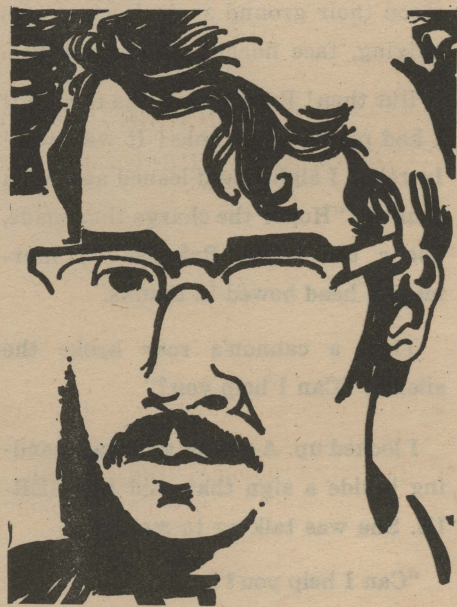
But in a way this leads to good
As then we must demure
From too much loving, this will keep
Me ever chaste and pure.

Elizabeth Jazlowiecki
1st Arts

CORPS

(Continued from page two)

side the Company should take a hard look at what they are presently doing and think seriously about the Company. I have met too many young radicals in Canada who shout about "remaining true to their ideas" about society, but who are contributing nothing to the movement for change. They sit for hours and talk about how bad things are at work, at school, in South Africa, in the American south, in Canada, but do nothing about it.



Curtis

If current plans are carried out, the Company will become a hard core of activists able to do quality work rather than just a large group of kids. It should become quite difficult to join. Standards will be high with emphasis on social conscience, awareness of the society, maturity, youth, communication ability. From now on volunteers will be selected from those who are questioning society's current value system. If you find that you are presently spending a lot of time talking this might be your chance to get up and do something. It is hoped that a great many young activists will look more carefully at the Company in the future than they have in the past.

B O R E D O M



By STEVE SULLIVAN

Boredom cannot be defined in a definite way. It is recognized intuitively on many different levels.

I would treat the subject as follows: in terms of a concept.

The human being, a locomotory, sensory receptive computer, is equipped with a boredom threshold. When the level of registered experience, and I put the rider of "registered" on intentionally, falls below a certain level, the individual is bored.

This threshold is dynamic in that if an experience is repeated at frequent intervals it is no longer registered so that the threshold moves up to include this now unregistered experience. Therefore, the more the individual experiences the more he learns and the more likely he is to become bored.

This sophisticated computer has equipped itself with compensatory measures. It forgets, so that an experience, even though it may have been repeated before, is re-registered. It can also substitute fantasy for tangible experience. I would submit that the child is less likely to be bored because, firstly there are so many new things to be experienced and secondly because he can utilize his full imaginative faculties. He thus registers experience even though it may not be tangible.

I would also submit that possibility of boredom increases linearly while the scope of tangible experience, capable of being registered, increases geometrically. The level of diversion of fantasy, if anything, is inversely proportional to age. If this were not so, the individual would have no function in his society because fantasy would remove him from reality and result in a reduction of his productivity both in his own interests and in those of his society.

Boredom is the norm because its foundation becomes ever broader as the individual seeks to avoid it while at the same time raising his boredom threshold. But since the increase in experience increases the available registerable experience geometrically, the diversions from boredom are also increasing. The individual lives in a life of diversionary action which draws him away from boredom.

FOUR TYPES OF BOREDOM

I recognize four types of boredom.

The first is repetition. Life is, by nature, repetitive. Even the body functions are cyclic or repetitive. The brain again compensates by turning some repetition into habit and thus freeing itself to consider other things. Surely you do not think about tying your shoes: it is a habit. Variation of repetition can alleviate boredom. Break from a routine and vary the manner of treatment of repetitive situations. Even sexual activity, pleasureable as

Mr. Sullivan is a third year Arts student at the University of Victoria.

it may be, if it is repeated in a definite pattern, will lead to boredom. "A little variety is the spice of life," to use an old cliché.

The structure within which an individual must operate can create boredom because it will, of necessity, create repetition. The man who is bored with working eight hours a day, five days a week, fifty weeks a year, may not be bored by golf on Sundays. If however, he played golf instead of working he would, no doubt, become bored with golf and might enjoy working as a diversionary measure. A mode of activity which is directed toward a definite goal is unlikely to degenerate into drudgery because the goal would not itself be inherently boring.

The second type of boredom I would call "predictability of the future." An element of uncertainty inherent in decision-making creates a situation of interest, or anxiety, or fear, or tension, but certainly not boredom.

The third boredom type is that arising from lack of a definite pattern or direction of activity. The factor of choosing a definite goal also comes under this heading. The time an individual spends killing time, he is really spending killing himself. If the passage of time is unnoticed, the possibility of boredom increases because the individual has no fundamental rate on which to base his experience. As a result, his rate of registered experience falls below his boredom threshold. The noticed rapidity of the passage of time serves as a diversion. The focusing of one's attention in a definite direction, i.e. a goal, will alleviate boredom.

INDIVIDUAL MUST MAKE THE CONNECTIONS

The last type of boredom is incomprehensively. Experience, which is registered, is registered categorically. If a new experience is on too high a level it will have no basic category into which to fit or it may lack the connective experience between itself and the previous experience in that certain category. Therefore, a lecture on the sex habits of the Neris will, in all possibility, interest only those who have the category and the connective experiences needed for its registration.

Boredom, though it is to be avoided, is not without value. To escape from boredom the individual will possibly turn to new activities which may be creative. Boredom can serve as a creative motive, where creation serves as a diversion.

There is no definitive boredom. It ranges from individual to individual, from situation to situation. It will vary with threshold, past experience, intelligence, adaptability, etc.

Boredom is really only the lack of another more diversionary state of mind, for example love, hate, fear, interest, pain or contentment. It can not be defined or understood without all its contrasts and causes.

editorial

Meet Marty

Holy holly, newsman, Christmas is over and look at what the Jolly Man brought the Martlet Mag — a bright, new masthead glowing with visual interest and bristling all over with relevance and *vivace*.

We won't try to define the complexity of reasons which inspired us to make the switch except to mention quite briefly that generally we're hoping to publish a slightly livelier

magazine so that ultimately people will take more notice and perhaps even read the odd article — shifting away from perverted monoliths as *Playboy* and *The Tower*.

But for heaven's sake, please don't write us articles or send us letters.

It could be extremely dangerous.

Right now there is a small, jealous group of just over a dozen people around campus who do most of the writing for the Mag and they enjoy such a splendid monopoly that hardly any views are heard on campus except their own. In fact they have assumed such autocratic control that they mar-

vel at their position where so few can put so much over on so many. It reassures their complete intellectual mastery when, after a bigoted, slanted article is printed, the only reaction, coming some several weeks later, is a letter condemning that week's poem.

However, for those brave enough to write, we're offering a little reward.

Soon we'll be having a special Uvic number in which we hope to discuss what's right or wrong with the place. And to encourage bashful writers we're offering ten dollars to the student who we feel best sums up the condition of Uvic and most ably speculates on why the University is good,

bad or indifferent. The deadline is January 18.

Now, meet Marty. Marty is that petite bird crouching on page one near the masthead. Long ago Marty applied for a position on the University crest, but since he was asymmetrical (not only was he unable to fit, but the poor chap couldn't pay his fees), he was rejected. So we've adopted him as our mascot and symbol.

One thing. We're not quite sure whether Marty is actually one of those fine, proud birds on the crest, namely a Martlet, or whether he's just a lame duck.

We'll know by April.

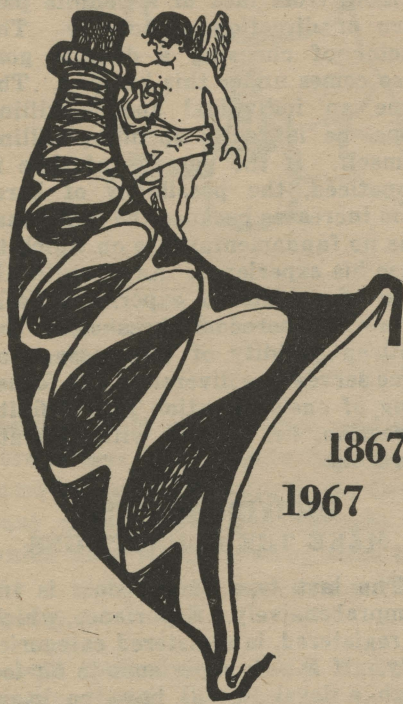
—J.H.

CHRISTIANITY

(Continued from page one)

Law, and the people who occupied the land, became serfs or peons. That is how the laws of the Quirites became Christian law in the Roman sense.

This penetration of religion into lands where peace was thus disturbed continues to the present day, and in Canada, which is claimed for the 'Chief of God' a Protestant marriage is not given equal status with that of the Roman faith, by the Catholic Church. Daughters are still being sold to wealthy or desirable Protestants, of good family, parents who have nothing else in mind but the building up of their business, and religion is certainly a profitable business, for those in the top echelons. Religious authority should be destroyed by education, and not included as part of that education, and freedom should be defined as Christian freedom, which does not impose itself upon the rights of the individual who acquires these rights at birth. All of Europe has suffered from the imposition of the theory of 'infallibility and divine right.'



Martlet Magazine

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Unsolicited material, including articles, poems and short stories, should be clearly addressed to the MARTLET MAGAZINE and either mailed to or left at the Martlet office. Contributions to the anonymous column, CERBERUS, should be signed and consist of about 700 words of topical, political opinion.

Toys and Women's Underwear or A Riled Christmas In Sales

By ROBIN JEFFREY

I like Christmas. I have no sympathy for the condescending kill-joys who say Christmas is over-commercialized. I like the November crowds and the mobs of miserable people in the stores.

In fact, there's just one thing I have against the Christmas rush: why does every store put Women's Underwear between the escalator and the Toy Department?

I think maybe I know why. It's a plot. Somewhere there is an international board of department-store executives who are trying to blush me to death.

Only the other day, I sallied forth, full of Christmas cheer, to look for the Toys in one of Victoria's department stores. I particularly wanted a Barbie doll. For a little girl, you understand.

The Toys, a notice said, were on the second floor, so I boarded an escalator with the gaiety of a young soldier on his way to the front for the first time. As I rode upwards, I hummed a few bars of the Marseillaise, fancied myself wearing the *pantalons rouges* and waved a hearty soldier's wave to the young women below. I was in high spirits.

But when I reached to top, what a sight met my youthful gaze! Deployed in line upon line in front of the Toys were solid masses of Women's Underwear!

There! On the left, the brilliant crimson of the negligees! In the centre, the pastels of the baby-dolls! And in reserve, the sophisticated, seasoned, terrifying, wispy blacks!

I felt like a character out of G. A. Henty. Like Jack Archer when first he saw the Russian guns at Balaklava. I wanted to turn and run. It was only my Anglo-Saxon blood that held me to the spot.

Mr. Jeffrey is a fourth-year Arts student at the University of Victoria.

And all around me were milling crowds of women and girls — all waiting for me to knock something over or trip and go sprawling into a table-full of sale-priced panties. "When the women come out to cut up what remains, just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains." Kipling was a comfort.

My heart pounded. But I thought of *With Clive in India*, *Battles for the British Empire* and *The Lads Who Sailed With Nelson*.

I moved cautiously forward and soon found myself confronted by skirmishing parties of garter belts. But I swept past them and pressed on.

Then suddenly I was in the thick of it! Girdles to right of me! Panty-hose to left of me! Brassieres before me! I gollied and blundered, while they all stood their ground as on I came, eyes bulging, face flushed, throat parched.

But then! But then! I was through! I had pierced the ranks! It was over! In relief I sighed and leaned against a counter. "Honor the charge they made, honor the Light Brigade," I murmured, head bowed in thanks.

Then a cannon's roar broke the silence. "Can I help you?"

I looked up. A young girl was standing beside a sign that said LINGERIE. She was talking to me.

"Can I help you?"

"No, no;" I screamed. "I'm not lingering!"

I glanced quickly about me, and then the terrifying truth came home. I was in the midst of the enemy's camp. Around me were hordes of wispy, silky, peek-a-boo black things, closer to saran-wrap than clothing and with just a few rose-buds here and not many there and I felt a swoon coming on.

In the face of this fresh assault, I forgot everything. I forgot *Deeds That Won The Empire*. I forgot the relief of Mafeking and the siege of Luck-



now. I covered my head with my arms and ran for my life. I was routed. It was Colenso and Fontenoy and Majuba Hill all over again.

I found refuge in Fur Coats and I hid there for the rest of the day. As night came on, I crept back to the escalator through Rugs and Carpets.

There was joy at my return. My parents had been notified of my disappearance, and they were happy to see me again. But there was no disguising it — I had failed.

"Routed like a damned native," my father snorted. "Now when I was a boy we thought nothing of fighting our way through waves of black silk stockings, pantalettes and flannel night dresses. Why, I remember at Armentieres..."

"But times have changed..." I tried to say. But no one would listen.

And that's really all I have against Christmas. I think everything can be straightened out at the bargaining table. I don't demand the extinction of Women's Underwear. I think there can be peaceful co-existence between it and Toys.

But I don't want others to have to go through what I went through. Not even the playing fields of Eton prepare one for that.

So ask me to do anything at Christmas. I'll lick stamps. I'll stand on a corner with the Salvation Army. I'll bring up the Christmas pudding when the company's under fire. I'll carry Christmas greetings from Ho Chi Minh to LBJ.

But please, please, please, don't send me through Ladies' Undies.